



The Virus



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Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

It seems a little cliché, I know, but the outbreak started with Patient Zero.

Nobody could identify the disease, they said it was a new one. A virus that had become immune to the antibiotics, too strong for the vaccines to prevent, too contagious to control. A superbug, they called it.

The doctors couldn't save her. Patient Zero, I mean. She died coughing blood, eyes bulging.

She died. And after she died, she came back to life. Nobody knows exactly what happened because the three survivors from the hospital were too traumatized to give a clear description. But most people could see the situation had been bad. The survivors had come out covered in blood, a blank look in their eyes.

And then the survivors turned, attacking everybody in sight.

That was two years ago. That was the beginning. Now, at least 80% of the population is a diseased, bloodthirsty creature.

I survived.

Chapter 2 by Aaron Hartmann

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I am immune to this new v
and have even been bitter

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I've been around them
happened.

The virus started in Washington D.C., I live in Wisconsin so it took a while to get to me. The virus is so contagious though that it took only 15 hours to reach Madison. The first time I saw one was on the news. Not long after that I saw my neighbor feasting on his wife's dead body. I grabbed a baseball bat and whacked him a good one. He fell to the ground but he just got back up.

That I took another swing and it got him in the head. He fell over and was still. That's when I got the idea that you have to get them in the head. That was also the time I got bitten because when I was focused on my neighbor his wife got up and bit me on the arm. I turned around and hit her in the head as hard as I could. She fell over dead.

I ran inside my house and cleaned out the bite, and put a bandage on it. I was so confused what was going on. My first thought was to leave this place. I grabbed my backpack and put some supplies in it. Little did I know is that I severely under packed.

I only had one gun. My father gave it to me in his will when he died. It was his favorite gun he had, a silver, 12 shot M9 Beretta. He never told me why he liked it so much but he liked it a lot. I grabbed a box of ammo and put in my backpack.

I got into my Chevy pickup truck and drove to my brother, Nick's house. Reluctantly, he is a police officer so he should know what he is doing. When I arrived he was packing his things in his car. I told him about what happened this morning and that you have to get them in the head. He asked me about the bite and said that when he saw somebody else get bit they turned into one of the things, but he said that if I would turn I would've turned already.

I told him to come with me so he put his things into my truck. I asked him if he had a gun and he pulled out his Glock 22 pistol. I told him that he should probably have a knife too so he went and grabbed his hunting knife.

We drove away and turned on the radio, that is when we heard it.

Chapter 1 by Comp Saw CS Archi

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Reports about the infestation. A See more of Story Wars was spreading fast and already has infected most of the

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We drove into another town when I asked him why we went here. He said he needed to meet someone.

"Aren't people in this town already zombies though?"

"Maybe." He didn't bother explaining after that.

There was no one on the road, people, animals, or zombies. We stopped in front of a shop with a glass window pane. Both of us went down the car, but then my brother suddenly pulled a crowbar out of his truck. "Wha-" I wasn't able to react to what happened next, when my brother smashed the window open. I look at him incredulously. "Aren't you responsible for keeping the law, not breaking it!?"

"Relax, I know-knew-the guy anyway."

"Don't be so eager to write me off so easily," a voice behind us interrupts.

Brother immediately pulled out his gun while I ready mine, before I realize I haven't loaded it.

The man behind us just snorts, leaning on a shop shelf. "Wouldn't you have realized by now that zombies don't talk."

Brother put down his gun and his other hand up to lower my own gun. I took a look at the man. He was wearing a blue polo, and a white apron in front of it. There were mysterious splotches of different colors on it. He had dark spiky hair and wore black frame glasses.

"About time you got here. Follow me." He led us to the back of the shop. Inside was a whole chemistry lab. I looked around the impressive display, but I wasn't looking where I was going when my foot caught on something.

It was an infected detached limb.

I immediately held brother close. He looked annoyed. Embarrassed, I moved a way. "Who is this guy, bro?"

"Oh, meet the Scientist. He contacted me a while back. He's says he knows about the virus and is trying to make a cure!"

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Chapter 4 by Lethal Planet

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1/1

Skeptically, I followed my brother and the bedraggled man he called The Scientist. The chemistry lab was gigantic, lined with beakers and test tubes and beds covered with white sheets.

"Y'see..." The Scientist drawled with his scratchy voice. "The infection primarily takes hold in human brain cells. Bacteria that colonize in the mouths of the infected carry the virus for infecting human neurons." The Scientist looked seriously at me and my brother. "This is serious. Years ago when the USSR fell this was one of the main causes of its collapse. Back then we only barely managed to contain the incident, and it happened in rural Siberia."

"The viruses corrupt human cognitive functions and instills a craving for human flesh, in order for the infection to spread. The infection rate of the virus is 100%."

"But-" I interrupted. I was cut off by a glare from the Scientist.

"Yes, I'm aware you were bitten. But you didn't let me finish. You are most definitely infected, but the virus didn't spread to your brain." He looked at me cynically. "This is the key to making the cure. Immunes are extremely rare, less than 1% of the population."

He looked at me with hungry eyes. "I must dissect you."

Then something hit me in the back of the head and everything went black.

Chapter 5 by Sunny



I woke up bleary eyed, in a room. A man was standing next to me.

"Who are you?"

"The person who saved you."

"That's not what I meant."

"You expect me to tell you my life story to a stranger that I don't even know?" he said scornfully. His eyes softened a tad bit. "Anyway, you're safe, so that's all that matters."

"What happened to me?" I asked.

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"What is this? Some kind of interdimensional war?"

I glared at him. He groaned.

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"Basically, I saw this guy and another guy-" I interrupted him.

"Wait. Did one of the guys have brown hair? And the other have grey?"

He scowled. "Would it hurt you to be quiet for a few seconds?"

I zipped my mouth shut.

He sighed and said, "I saw two guys. One with grey and one with brown, yes. They were carrying you, unconscious, and I thought that it was slightly suspicious. I yelled to them and they seemed frightened, and dropped you on the floor."

"My brother...the scientist, they abandoned me?"

Chapter 6 by LittleMonster#14



"I guess so." The man answered lifting his shoulders.

I just couldn't fathom it. My own brother helping the scientist who knocked me unconscious then deserting me? What was going on?

"Wait I thought most of the population are infected? Are you immune like me?" I asked hopefully.

"Wow, one question at a time, " he laughed, " no i'm not immune but I haven't been bitten so I guess I don't know, and I plan to keep it that way."

All of my hope disappeared. "Well do you know anything about what's happening?"

"All I know is that these scientists started experimenting on a person and she went crazy and started biting people, infecting them through and through."

"Okay, well how have you been living?" I asked, looking at him up and down.

"Well if you mean by fighting then no, I don't associate myself with weapons or violence." He paused in reflection, "but I guess if it came to it I probably would rather go fighting then cowering on my knees."

I nodded in agreement with the man, then I realized, "I am afraid I don't know your name?"

He smiled. "My name is Tom. Tom Hanks."

I shook his hand mirroring his smile. "Jack Hill."

"Pleased to meet ya Mr Hill" He

I smiled in return and said

The walls were covered with a

the ceiling and the wind

blew from a few holes in the wall.

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Tom soon pulled a wooden flute from his pocket and began to play, the sound bouncing off the walls. I sat there for a little bit but soon I started to hear a small scratching sound from the wall behind him.

"Tom, do you hear that?" I asked.

Tom stopped playing and listened. After a little bit he stood up and crossed the room to the opposite wall, and put his ear to the concrete. He stood there for a little bit but he just stepped away and shrugged his shoulders, "I don't hear any-"

"Boom!"

The wall behind me exploded raining concrete down, smashing my arm. I yelled in surprise and pain. Tom screamed as the chunks piled up on his body. I tried to get up and help him but my leg was stuck in the debris. The dust cleared revealing three strangers laughing unethically.

"Well hello Tom." One of them said, stepping towards Tom.

Tom didn't answer he just reached for a large rod sticking out of the concrete.

The man and his friends didn't seem to notice, "Well this is good now we can get that beautiful information out of you can't we?"

Tom rapped his hand around the rod and waited. "Well hello Jerry, Caleb, and Tyler how you been?" He managed a small smile.

"Just fine pal." Another man laughed, menacingly.

"So back to business," the other man said, rubbing his hands together, "Tom, Tom how are we going to get that information from you, I mean I would feed you to the infected but you know, they can't talk.

Tom smiled, "You aren't getting any information no matter what."

He grabbed the rod and stabbed himself right in the heart. The three men ran forward and tried to get something out of him, but all they got was, "indigo." Then Tom died.

Chapter 7 by Nidiyah Thompson



i watched as Tyler kicked his body over and over again, he was pissed, and i hoped they didn't notice me. i watched them look around, but they sighed and looked at one another.

"we won't be able to find it... dumb man, killing himself" Jerry said and turned and looked

around... noises began to groan, and we all froze in fear. Jerry and Caleb turned quickly, eyes wide. Tyler was looking for something on the wall, and a sharp growl came from behind me. I began to pull at my leg, p

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Tyler saw me and his eyes widen " you..." suddenly three of those creatures, my eyes widen their skin was gray, their teeth bloody and yellow, their eyes lifeless and unfocused, one lunged grabbing Tyler , and Caleb screamed " no! " he screamed and grabbed something hitting the zombie, making him fall back, Tyler fell and grunted, he looked around " dude are you bit" Caleb asked and he shook his head " no man i'm fine." he said and Caleb sighed " c...Caleb behind you!" Jerry voice rang out, and Caleb turned, to be tackled by three of the creature, and bit into, his screams echoed through the building.. i bit my lip and looked at tom...the man who had saved me... i owed him....i had to save people...maybe by saving the men that killed him.

i ran and grabbed Tyler who was screaming, trying to get to Caleb, Jerry was grabbing him to, we took off running, and got to the street... gasping my eyes widen....the street was filled with them.

Chapter 8 by Jason voorhees



Are you guys alright? "We are fine but we don't know about caleb".

I hope you guys know he can turn into one of those things". No! what ever you say he's not gonna turn he will live". Tyler im sorry but we got to if we don't were all gonna die. "Tyler he's right we got to leave him or we can quit his suffering". "Ok jerry but whatever we do we got to do it fast". Ok guys I say we stab him in the head and after that we got to find a house or something to stay in for the night. stab

Ok guys follow me. "Where are we going". You guys see that house over there with the red door we go there. "Ok that's good maybe there is food and water there because we are only have two chip bags and a bottle of water left". Yea there's probably could be some stuff there. "Oh and I forgot to mention but your name"? Oh my name is jack hill and i'm 20 I hope we don't die. "Yea we hope so to". Good night guys.

the end

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